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JUNE 1952

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Tony Bennett

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Suzan Bell, the starlet playing crown on the head of the Hot Rod King (see pages 46-47) for PIC's cameramen, Walt Davis, is a new gal going places in film, according to Hollywood columnists. Universal-International talent scouts spotted her picture in the paper after she had won a cake-baking contest at Santa Maria, Calif. They thought she resembled a bit of Jenna Russell, Lana Turner and Liane Delaney. She was in "Untamed" and will next be seen in "Yankee Buccaneer" with Jeff Chandler and Scott Brady. She has hazel eyes, dark brown hair, is 5 foot 7, was born in Buffalo, N.Y., 19 years ago. We'll watch her, too.

PHOTO CREDITS

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

SPORTS

- 16 Leo, the Lady, and the Giants, by Borney Kramenko.
- 23 Moose Try to Beat a Plane.
- 26 Will Colored Fighters Still Rule the Ring?
- 36 Half Million Dollar Adventure, by Harold Hilliard.
- 46 The King of the Hot Rods.
- 76 Dizzy Dean vs. Hollywood.

GENERAL

- 56 HOMES: Happy Small House, by Alpha Sehlén.
- 60 Gls and Sex.
- 64 The Case of the Terrible Trophy.
- 68 Persistent GI Artist.
- 74 PIC Poll: Should Husbands and Wives go on Separate Vacation?
- 79 The Mystery of the Non-Shooting GI.

ENTERTAINMENT

- 32 Cold Heart, Warm Fans.
- 41 De Carlo Finds a Latin Romance.
- 50 Big Duke, by Tom Carlie.
- 70 Abel's Clear Flam.

CARTOON AND HUMOR

- 22 The Firemen, by Al Kaufman.
- 30 How to Kill Your Dates.
- 55 A Sporting Chance, by Lo Mandola and Clyde Lamb.
- 63 The NATO Language, by Stanley Stomaty.
- 78 Miss PIC Magazine, by Bill Wenzel.
- 82 The Clock Watchers, by Clyde Lamb.

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Speak Up.
- 35 The Big Tan.
- 72 The U.S. Male.
- 80 PIC's Job Barometer.

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PIC, June, 1952



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Favor Votes of 18

Sir:

Your excellent article, "Make 18 the Legal Age" went over like an atomic bomb here at Carswell. Most of my outfit is composed of "infants" trained to fight and, if need be, die so the politicians will be able to have a country to control.

The least the American people can do is allow their sons and daughters in the service a right to vote for the people who decide if they should live or die.

Cpl. Richard J. Parrett, 7th Air Police Sqn., Ft. Worth, Texas.

Sir:

About your article, "Make 18 Legal Age," it's certainly about time someone spoke up about it.

I agree 100% that 18-year-olds should have the right, privileges and duties of 21-year-olds, as Senator Kefauver says.

I don't think that it should be limited to those in service but that all should have the privileges of a 21-year-old. I'm glad so many important people agree.

Sgt. Ronald J. Vacchino, USAF.

Hot Rod Critic

Sir:

Tho I'm sure it is not your fault, I'd like to make a comment on the article "Hot Rods" in the February PIC. My comment is directed at Walt Davis, for on the lower left-hand corner of page 36 is the photo of a hot rod engine, rather the "blower" that is mounted on the engine.

Tho I'm not a mechanic, nor even an auto owner, I have a great interest in auto sport, particularly sports cars, and tho I could be wrong I'm sure that it is a super-charger, which could hardly be called a "carburetor" as the caption states.

Vernon Georg, US Fleet Sonar, Key West, Fla.

Don't blame Davis, although he took the pictures. The caption writer owns a car, drives like mad everywhere, but knows from nothing about what's under the hood. He calls the AAA.—Ed.

PIC Homes Reader

Sir:

I have recently been posted to Singapore and chanced to read your magazine PIC, which I found very enjoyable and have bought other copies at different times from bookies and places I've visited.

I want to plan a house as I hope to get married when I return to England, and with the help of your "PIC Homes" I shall do so.

H. S. Campbell, R.A.F., Singapore.

Guy Mitchell Fan

Sir:

I'm not one to swoon over a singer. Until I heard Guy Mitchell. He's got good looks and a terrific voice. If you have heard "We Won't Live in a Castle" you know what I mean. The only thing Guy lacks is more publicity.

Carol Minchen, Boston.
And a good song.—Ed.

In Defense of Ingrid

Sir:

Re a subject in the February issue, "Can Bergman Return?" My answer is yes and why not?

Bergman in my candid opinion was a victim of circumstances. She had no choice but to be condemned by the public. Today I am a grandparent and very proud of the fact. But I can clearly recall nearly 40 years ago a conversation by a person who was then a grandparent and his mother over a bit of gossip, and his retort was: "Mother, if people had to parade the streets with placards bearing their life's records, there would be pretty empty streets."

To me Bergman was and always will be a 100% good actress and I shall always respect her.

Mrs. Rose C. Power, Queensville, Ont.

From a Soccer Fan

Sir:

I would like to express my sincere appreciation to PIC Magazine and Milt

Miller for the splendid article on soccer in the December issue. While some of us may not agree on some of the minor details of criticism raised, it is nevertheless one of the finest articles on the sport this writer has seen.

Its detail, illustration, etc., should go a long way toward jolting the sports-minded public into paying more attention to the world's major sport. It seems a pity that soccer cannot, or does not, take advantage of such articles as the PIC story and the several that have appeared in recent years in contemporary magazines. . . .

A Ramsden, USSFA Commissioner, in the Soccer News.

Attention, Miss Turner

Sir:

I was not at all surprised when I read that Cpl. Arthur Franklin, speaking for the Bachelor Servicemen's Club of the Guided Missiles Base at Point Magu, Calif., revealed that the Marines at the base had picked as their favorite none other than Lana Turner. They call Lana their "orality" girl. It's a word they adopted from a former university professor and it means she's the one they most crave to kiss. Who would be more suitable for a PIC cover than she? I'm speaking not only for myself but for the Marines at Point Magu, where my brother is stationed.

Val Crane, New York City

Marilyn Monroe Department

Sir:

The fellows of APO 112 were very eagerly looking at PIC, and when we came to those pictures of Marilyn Monroe we stopped right there and decided immediately to name her "Miss APO 112." We would appreciate it very much if you could furnish a picture of her that we could hang in our postoffice.

The fellows think that Marilyn is the prettiest starlet in pictures and I am sure



Marilyn Monroe's fans, especially GIs, keep two phones busy even on a movie set.



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SPEAK-UP—Continued

we are not alone in that decision, judging by the letters that were printed in PIC.

I thank you very much for the fellows of APO 112 which serves the 43rd Infantry Division.

Cpl. R. C. Cappelletty,
c/o P.M., New York City.

Sir:

Just finished reading PIC and I am very pleased with your magazine. It sure is a real morale booster.

Would appreciate it very much if you would have a pin-up photo of Marilyn Monroe. In my opinion, and quite a few others in the battery, she is the loveliest thing to hit Hollywood since Betty Grable made her debut. We also would like to see a snap of Doris Day, my favorite vocalist. Your articles about singers are swell. Keep them up.

Sgt. K. Kontos, 107th FA Bn.,
Neu Ulm, Germany.



Monroe, All-American

Sir:

It was with real pleasure that your cover and feature article on the rising young starlet Marilyn Monroe was noted.

Your readers may be interested to know that Miss Monroe is also a calendar queen. The U.O. Colson company has selected her for a series of exclusive kodachrome reproductions to be featured on "indoor billboard" wall calendars.

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Mike Welch, Paris, Ill.

Sir:

Yesterday I bought PIC in one of the booksellers in Istanbul. I was very glad to get it again. Nothing has changed, just a little of size. PIC is a perfect magazine for young men.

I was especially interested in the part

concerning your cover girl, Marilyn Monroe. I haven't seen her on the screen yet. Maybe you've given us one of the most beautiful girls of Hollywood, but natural female beauty is not enough for an actress. 20th Century-Fox can teach her art but can never change her mood. Doubtless women are wonderful when they know how to be sweet and gay. Some of them think that they are the favorite of Maharaja. I always await modesty from prettiness. I cannot say Marilyn Monroe has any deficiency. Well, after her I can't cast my ballot for somebody else.

I'm going to graduate from the department of political economy of the University of Istanbul next month and continue further study toward a graduate degree in the United States. I have acceptance from an American university.

You know what? How I wonder about playing football. There is not in Turkey this play. I want to learn something beforehand. I would appreciate any information you might give me about American football.

Suha N. Yucevardar, Istanbul, Turkey.
So would some fellows in California.
I would suggest contacting Illinois.—Ed.

Sir:

After reading PIC some of my fellow airmen and I have decided to write to you and tell you that we really enjoy articles on such lovely young ladies as Miss Marilyn Monroe and Miss Denise Darcel. I would like to know if you could provide at least one picture of each of these beautiful girls. I'm sure it would make our barracks a more cheerful place.

Pic. Myron S. Blatt, Lowry AFB, Denver.

Sir:

I have just finished reading PIC and I was wondering if it would be asking too much for you to put in a full page picture of Marilyn Monroe. For an example of what the men in my platoon think of her: she is the most beautiful blonde we have ever focused our peckers at.

Cpl. Cecil G. Stephens, Jr.
Eielson AFB, Alaska.

Sir:

I saw in PIC that Marilyn Monroe was an orphan. I would like to adopt her.

Cpl. Stan Doore, Miami.

P.S. If the guys from the 9th Battalion write in, I got mine in first.

Sir:

PIC does, to my way of thinking, deserve a gold award for giving its readers the most outstanding covers and the most terrific spreads on these grand people known as the Hollywood stars and starlets. Your layout on Marilyn Monroe should go down in history! It was T-E-R-R-I-F-I-C!

But hey there. There's another starlet doll that I would like to see. I'm casting my ballot for her and she's doll-like Claudia Barrett.

Joseph E. Parsons, Hollywood.
(Continued on page 10)

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Marilyn reads about herself

SPEAK-UP—Continued

Slit:

I have always thought Marilyn Monroe was the prettiest actress I have ever seen, and thus I appreciate the pictures. . . . It is the general opinion of the fellows in my company that she is "real darn cute."

don't come any lovelier.

Gene Ricks, Seaplane Base, Key West, Fla.

Korea Photo Reversed

Sir—

In your February issue of PIC, in the story "Legal Status for the 18-Year-Olds," we noticed a flagrant error in the picture enclosed.

Sgt. Castelluzzo and I are both in Battery B, 192nd Field Artillery Battalion, 43rd Infantry Division, and are concerned with the 50-cal. air-cooled machinegun primarily as a defense against air attack and also have them mounted in ring mounts atop the cab as shown in the picture. But we wish to point out the

(Continued on page 12)

Seoplomers for Cecile

514

I would like to cast my ballot for Cecile Aubrey and the guys in my squadron and myself would appreciate it greatly if you would also print some pictures of her. In my opinion she

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Act Quickly and Get This Racy, Witty, Two-books-in-One Volume by Return Mail



SPEAK-UP—Continued

error in printing the picture.

The ring mount is on the wrong side, because to be able to fire the weapon the gunner must stand on the seat inside the mount. This enables him to fire in a radius of 6400 miles. According to the picture the driver would be in the way. It is possible to fire the weapon from outside the mount but this cuts down the field of fire considerably.

Secondly, the bolt handle on the 59-cal. is on the left side in the picture. This is incorrect. Also, from the position of the ammunition box it is a left-hand feed, but on the picture the ammunition is being fed from the right side.

We find that if you reverse the picture and hold it up to the light it is correct.



Picture Correct

The new editions of PIC are always looked forward to and enjoyed by all of us, as always. We especially enjoyed the article on Les Paul and Mary Ford in the February issue.

Cpl. Jack Coreoran and
Sgt. Santa Castelluzzo,
Bedolz, Germany.

You are very observant and correct. The photo was reversed in printing. We have a report that the printer in charge of getting-pictures-in-straight in PIC has a brother-in-law in the mirror business.
—Ed.

Joan Vohs Fan Club

Sir:

I have been appointed a committee of one by the patients here at Pinehurst Tuberculosis Sanatorium to write you. We recently saw Joan Vohs' picture in PIC magazine, and we have voted her the girl with the most appealing pinup figure from among Penny Edwards, Marilyn Monroe, Joan Dixon, Piper Laurie, Barbara Bates and Jane Russell. We wish you would print a large picture of her.

John W. Young, Pinehurst Sanatorium,
Janesville, Wis.

Sir:

Some friends and I chose Miss Joan Vohs as the "most outstanding pinup girl" (Continued on page 14)



Joan Vohs



PIC, June, 1952



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SPEAK UP—Continued



Squeezable Squaws

Sir:

Navajo Freight Lines started something two years ago with their "Squeezable Squaws," a picture campaign that has become the talk of truck drivers and the trucking industry. The pictures of pretty girls in Indian costumes have places of honor in shipping departments everywhere today.

P. A. Rogers, Los Angeles.

Most Wanted by FBI

Sir:

Since PIC recently published a list, with photos of the "ten men most wanted" by the FBI, seven have been captured. I don't know whether your article had a hand in helping apprehend these men, but readers should know these facts. Fred Peters was arrested in Washington, D.C.; Thomas Kling in New York; Morley King, in Philadelphia; Harry Burton, Cody, Wyo.; Meyer Dembin, New York; Henry Tollett, and Willie Sutton, New York. D. Chartres, Washington.

Squeezable
Squaws

Hairbrush Approval

Sir:

I was amazed at the combination of silliness and good sense displayed by Mrs. W. S. Theigh in her letter. Silliness for blaming your excellent magazine for her daughters' immodesty, and good sense for giving them a "session with the hairbrush" as punishment. How often I've wished I had the gumption to do the same with my own children.

Unfortunately, I was brought up by a "modern" mother who substituted nagging for corporal punishment with pretty disastrous effects on my own adolescent behaviour. I'd like to spare my own girls from a similar experience, but I just don't know how to go about spanking an athletic young bobby-soxer. How do you make them hold still? How many whacks do you give, and with what? (We don't even have an old-fashioned, broad-backed hairbrush in the house!)

I'd certainly appreciate any advice you or your readers can give me. In the meantime I'll go on enjoying the articles and pictures in PIC, just as they are.

Mrs. Anne Park, New York City.

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LEO, the LADY

Here's the Story of the

Power Behind Durocher's

Miracle Men—By a Scribe

Who Lives With Them

Throughout the Season

By **BARNEY KREMENKO**

N.Y. Journal-American baseball writer assigned to the Giants.

THE FRENCH have a saying for it. "Cherchez la femme"—look for the woman. Certainly this Gallic belief held true in the case of the 1951 National League pennant race.

Behind the miracle triumph of Leo Durocher and his New York Giants at all times stood Laraine Day Durocher, the manager's movie star wife who is as capable and talented as she is pretty. It is hard to say where the Giants would have finished without lovely Laraine.

Sure, they needed Bobby Thomson's dramatic clutch home run. Without the pitching of Sal Maglie, Larry Jansen and Jimmy Hearn they couldn't have gone very far. The doubleplay antics of Alvin Dark, and Eddie Stanky around second base were vital. Durocher's nimble strategy was a tremendously important contribution.

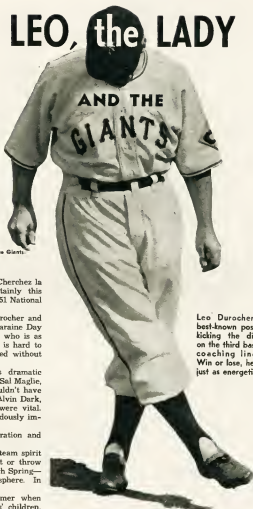
But the Giants also needed the inspiration and influence provided by Laraine Day.

Huhhy Leo, for instance, believes that team spirit means fully as much as the ability to hit or throw or run or field. That is his prime goal each Spring—to create a one-hig-happy-family atmosphere. In that department, Laraine was invaluable.

There was that sunny day last Summer when suddenly there came a stream of players' children, accompanied by their mothers, to Miss Day's TV room at the Polo Grounds.

Laraine was giving a birthday party for Eddie Stanky's eldest daughter. Mrs. Jansen and three of her five daughters were there. Also young Billy, Tommy and Linda Rigney, Dave Koslo's daughter, George Spencer's little blonde girl, Clint Hartung's son, Sheldon Jones' David.

Each child not only received ice cream, candy and a toy but the celebration was put on Laraine's daily pre-game television show for the whole world to see.



Leo Durocher's best-known pose, kicking the dirt on the third base coaching line. Win or lose, he's just as energetic.

This was the big happy family idea actually put to practice.

Mrs. Durocher tries to make the television show the players' show as well as hers. Every day there is at least one Giant being interviewed, and receiving some valuable gift or gifts for his efforts.

Last season, there was the possibility that Laraine would go to Hollywood for six weeks to make a picture. It was her plan at that time to have the players' inherit the video program during her absence.

"I'll have a different fellow act as master of cere-



Laraine, always in a box near the Giant dugout, knew they would win the pennant and held faith to the end. She happily holds up the photo of Leo and Bobby Thompson taken after Bobby smacked that winning home run.

monies each day," she said. "Why shouldn't the boys make a little extra money?"

It never developed because the movie deal fell through. But it showed Laraine's thoughts in regard to the New York Giants.

Her ardor for the Giants at one stage of the 1951 race became so intense she was accused by the Dodgers of berating them too much. "She called us cry babies without reason," they said. Mrs. Durocher's remarks had followed several bean-ball incidents in the year's series between these two arch

rivals. The argument waxed so hot that Carl Furillo, Brooklyn outfielder, refused to appear on Laraine's program after being invited. Occasionally, she interviews visiting players but Furillo would have no part of it.

Her single greatest contribution to Durocher, the manager, probably was in improving his press relations. Publicity-wise undoubtedly because of her association with the movies, Mrs. Durocher started her friendship with the baseball writing fraternity as far back as 1949.

(Continued next page)



The Durochers' adopted son, Chris, front tooth missing, gets pointers from the best teacher he can find.



Their winter home is in Santa Monica, Calif., but when spring training begins Laraine goes along with the boss. Below, Leo gets a smacker from Sophie Tucker.



LEO, THE LADY & THE GIANTS—Continued

That was the first Spring the Durochers spent in a Giant camp. The club trained then, as it does now, in Phoenix. A week's exhibition tour of the Coast was coming up. Before the team left Phoenix, each writer received an invitation—handsomely engraved and on the finest of paper—to a party in the Durocher home at Santa Monica, Calif.

The affair was a howling success. Among the guests, mingling with the writers, were such "name" Hollywood stars as Danny Kaye, Gail Patrick and William O'Brien, friends of Leo and Laraine. Memorable of that occasion was the harmonizing of a "barber shop quartet" comprised of Kaye, then Giant coach Frank Frisch, Chicago Cub manager Charley Grimm and a Phoenix sportswriter, Ben Foote. Hostess Laraine, in opening her luxurious mansion in the canyon to the press, had taken a tremendous step in the right direction.

The following year she introduced something new to the hardened scribes. Each birthday of a writer was remembered with card and small gift by the Durochers. There have since been no parties in Santa Monica, but each Spring, whether the Giants are in the West or in Florida, Laraine gives a luncheon to all the wives of players, writers and officials in the New York group. This affair is generally the No. 1 social event of the training season for the distaff side.

In the Winter of 1951, Mrs. Durocher became the first woman to appear in the annual show given by the New York Chapter, Baseball Writers Association. The scribes, appreciating the effort and time she put in, rewarded her with a silver service plate on which was engraved a replica of a baseball writers card. It was to be presented to her at a gathering in Toots Shor's the day that the Giants tumbled to their 11th straight defeat last April.

She not only showed up with Leo, but both Durochers gave no inkling of the keen disappointment they must have felt at the team's unexpected early-season nose-dive.

"There was real courage," says Shor. "The ceiling had caved in on them but they took it and came out smiling."

There's no favor Laraine won't do for the press, wherever possible. Last June the Giants had an exhibition game scheduled with the Boston Red Sox in Fenway Park. It was a charity affair, sponsored by a Boston newspaper.

The Hub paper thought it would help the publicity and promotion of the event if Laraine would come up for the game. As her part in the proceedings, she was asked to interview hubby Leo and the rival Bosox manager, Steve O'Neil, at home plate.

"I'll do anything you say. It will be of a pleasure," she readily answered.

Let it be noted that Miss Day rarely travels with the Giants during the regular season. She is too busy taking care of the children in New York. It is only at the Polo Grounds that she has time to see the games.

However, there was no question about accepting this request. Since the Giants were coming to Boston from Chicago, she had to fly up all alone. But she did it cheerfully and proved a tremendous hit at Fenway Park, receiving a big ovation. The game drew 25,000 people, giving quite a financial lift to the Hospitalized Veterans' Fund of the Hearst papers in Boston.



The picture of dejection, Laraine suffers when the team loses. She usually has a lady friend in her box.

Charity was well served and, at the same time, Laraine had made some more friends among the newspaper people.

There is one contribution of Laraine's that no true account of Giant activities of recent seasons could possibly omit. She not only helped develop Leo's boys into National League baseball champions, but she also made them the No. 1 team in charades, beyond all doubt.

Laraine, one of the country's foremost exponents of charades, has written a book on this parlor game. In her Polo Grounds television show, when the pennant race gets dull, she turns the program over to charades. Among the top Giant hands are Bill Rigney, Alvin Dark and coach Fred Fitzsimmons.

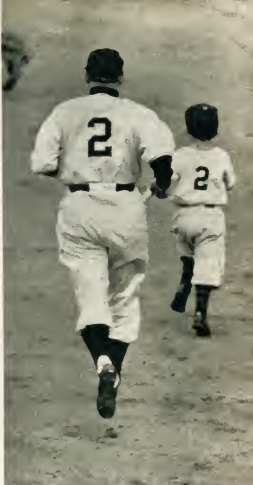
Two years ago, on several of the train trips, the travelling time was taken up completely with charades. Even Durocher and vice-president Chub Feeney joined in. Here was team spirit at its highest point. And it all can be traced to Mrs. L.D.

On the field, Laraine confines her assistance to second guessing. "I'm strictly a grand stand manager," she says. "I don't talk until I see the results."

Before the game, she doesn't tell Leo how to run his business. But later she reserves the right to criticize. One afternoon, she was watching the game with a friend in her box alongside the Giant dugout. Sheldon Jones blew up in the last inning, walked two Cardinals, then lost the game on a bunt.

"Leo should have taken Jones out," she offered.

The friend asked:



Manager Durocher and his shadow, son Chris who wears a carbon copy Giant uniform with dad's number two.

"Are you Leo's wife or a fan?"

"I'm a fan," came the startling answer. "Sure, I'm his wife too and I love him, but when I think he's wrong, I tell him so."

Then they strolled to the parking lot to wait for the little skipper in the blue Durocher Cadillac.

Soon along came Leo with a wide grin across his face. "I know," he said to Laraine, "I should have taken Jones out. Okay. But who would I put in—you?"

"Yes, me," said an indignant Laraine. "I would have done better. Anyone could have seen that Jones was tired."

Up until the time she married Leo five years ago, movie star Laraine knew very little about baseball, cared less.

(Continued next page)



This was the year Leo was suspended as manager of the Dodgers. Laraine is with him, listens to the comic band.

LEO, THE LADY & THE GIANTS—Continued

"I had indulged in sports in high school in Utah," she reveals. "But it was strictly for exercise. I knew very little about the rules and wasn't much of a spectator."

The picture has changed radically now. Like Leo, Laraine would just as soon talk and watch baseball as eat. The winning and losing of a game has become all-important.

"When we lose, we sit home quietly and watch television," she discloses. "But when we win, it's different. Then we feel like going out. Generally, it's to a movie."

Mrs. Durocher is always questioning friends about the team. "What was wrong with Maglie today?" "Will Bobby Thomson keep on hitting?" "Can Larry Jansen beat the Dodgers?" "Do the Giants have a chance?"

Laraine may be comparatively new to the game, but speaks as fluently now as the oldest fan. She can recognize a balk almost as quickly as the umpire. In fast order, she has become a hep kid in the ways of the diamond.

"It's because I like it so," she explains. "You see, it's one of the few businesses in which you can watch your husband at work. We baseball wives are lucky in that respect."

She worries over the players almost as much as Leo. Last Spring, the Giants were playing the Red Sox in an exhibition game at Sarasota. In the second inning, catcher Ray Nohle of the Giants came sliding into the plate, was hurt and had to be carried off the field on a stretcher. It looked like a serious injury, possibly a fractured ankle. Laraine was sitting in one of the rear rows of the grandstand. Every few minutes a message came up to the press box. The manager's wife wanted to know if word had come from the hospital on Nohle. She couldn't sit still.

"What will we ever do without him?" she moaned. "What if Westrum should ever get hurt too? We'd



This also was back in the Brooklyn days when the Lip got reputation for barking at umpires taller than he.

be in a tough spot."

Finally, there was great relief for the pretty wife of the New York manager when word came that Nohle's injury was nothing more than a severe ankle sprain.

In 1950, during a game at Burbank, Calif., between the Giants and St. Louis Browns, I happened to be sitting with some friends for a few innings. A few seats away was Mrs. Durocher.

In the middle of the game, she leaned over and yelled out to me:

"How are the Giants going to finish this year?"

"Third," I replied without hesitation.

I completely forgot the incident until the day before the Giants broke camp in St. Petersburg last Spring.

We were sitting around the lobby of the Soreno Hotel chatting about sundry subjects when Laraine called me over.

"Do you remember that prediction you made in Burbank? You said the Giants would finish third," she recalled. "Well, they did. You hit it right on the button. But that's over with. What I'm interested in now is how do you figure the Giants for 1951?"

"It's a cinch," I answered. "They'll win the pennant."

It didn't turn out to be quite the cinch I had said, but the Giants did win. That is why, if you had your television set turned on to the final playoff game with the Dodgers, which the Giants took by a 5-4 score to capture the National League flag, you heard her beckoning this reporter to join her, Mrs. John J. McGraw and announcer Win Elliott on the video screen.

That woman doesn't forget.

Mrs. Durocher's interest in the Giants has become so intense that everything else is secondary. A year ago she accepted a contract to appear in Summer stock on the Eastern straw hat circuit under one condition—that she work only those weeks in which



Bobby Thompson slides into third on Irvin's hit, while Manager Leo directs traffic at the hot corner.

the Giants were not at home.

This year she even passed that up. There had to be no interruption with the business of rooting the Giants home over the bitter enemy—the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Laraine never wavered in her belief that the Giants would come through. It's a faith she gets from her father.

"He's a deeply religious man," Mrs. Durocher explains. "In those dark days of the early Spring, when the club just couldn't get going, dad kept telling me not to worry, that everything would turn out right. I believed him. 'Have faith,' he said."

"The morning of the last playoff game, I telephoned home to Santa Monica and talked to my father," she reveals. "I asked him how the Giants would come out. 'Well, I prayed for you all of last night,' he replied. 'If you're praying, we can't lose,' I told him."

Laraine, her faith and her wholesomeness are generally credited with creating the "new" Leo Durocher, the Durocher who appreciates art and antiques, who gives all the bouquets to others rather than to himself, who no longer cusses umpires—or at least not so you could hear him.

Leo perhaps doesn't control his temper completely as yet, but certainly more than ever before. Now when he gets home and there are telephone messages from newspapermen, he doesn't disregard them as in former years. Instead, he sits down at the phone and cheerfully contacts each caller, ready to answer all questions.

Now, nightclub visits are a rarity. Almost always, he's home with his kids and with friends.

Amazing, too, is the recently acquired—and becoming—humility of Leo the Lip. Never once in the miracle drive of his Giants down the homestretch did the dandy little leader take any credit for the deeds of his athletes.

"If it weren't for those fellows," he'd tell reporters as he pointed to the players, "we couldn't get any-

where. I didn't do anything. I just sat in the dugout and watched."

This is a new way of living for Leo, but he loves it. Roy Hamey, former general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates who currently is assistant to George Weiss of the New York Yankees, hits the nail on the head when he says:

"Laraine is the best second baseman Leo ever had."

It is doubtful if Leo could have enjoyed such tremendous baseball success without his little lady.

Surely, he needed her in that darkest year of his life—1947—when for the full season he was banned from baseball by Commissioner A.B. (Happy) Chandler. It was Laraine who provided the companionship, the patience and the hope so necessary to pull him through those dreadful days.

For the restless, energetic Leo it wasn't easy to sit idly by. But Laraine found ways to keep him busy—gardening around the house and other small chores. Soon the year was over and he was back managing in Brooklyn. Leo was a Dodger in those days, you'll remember. And Laraine, sticking by her husband, was then rooting hard for the Brooks.

Early in July of 1948, however, there came a call to her apartment in New York. It was from Leo. Yes, he was at Ebbets Field. But he would be home soon. He had a business date. A couple of people were coming up. Horace Stoneham and Carl Hubbell. Would she please let them in.

"But they're Giants," Laraine said quizzically. "Is it all right?"

It took Leo quite some time to assure her there was nothing to worry about.

"Until then I had known nothing of any contemplated change in Leo's jobs," she discloses. "When Leo called, I was listening to the Dodger game on the radio. I immediately turned off that station and have never again tuned in a Brooklyn game, except when they're playing the Giants."

It was a happy Day for the Giants.

END



"Look at the married men."



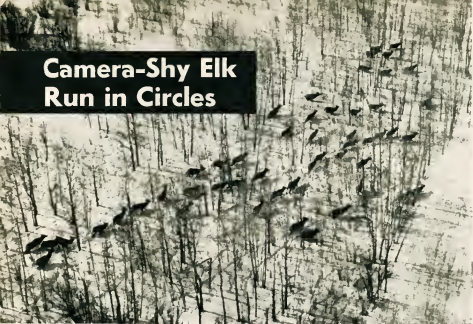
Moose Try to Beat a Plane

AN AERIAL survey party, counting the noses of the remaining herds of big game up in northern Minnesota on the Canadian border, startled moose (on this page) and elk (on the following pages) when their plane flew low during the census-taking. These unusual photos were made by Walter Wettschreck of the Minnesota Conservation department with a Speed Graphic camera, 1/1000 at f.11.

MORE NEXT PAGE →



Camera-Shy Elk Run in Circles



FRIGHTENED ELK TRY TO TAKE COVER IN ASPEN GROVE . . .

BELIEVING THEMSELVES TO BE TRAPPED, THE ELK SWING IN A CIRCLE





... THEN BREAK OUT INTO OPEN IN EFFORT TO ELUDE CENSUS PLANE.

(NOTE U-TURN TRACKS IN SNOW AT LEFT) AND HEAD BACK TOWARD ASPEN COVER.



Will Colored Fighters Still Rule the Ring?

Louis, Walcott and Charles Aren't the Last, There Are Plenty More
Around to Worry Marciano if He Should Win the Crown.

SEE NEXT PAGE

Clarence Henry sends Bob Satterfield to the ring floor with a vicious one-round knockout. Satterfield hit the deck four times in little over a minute. Henry is a heavyweight contender to consider seriously.

PIC. June 1952

PIC. June 1952



THE CHAMP AND TWO EXES IN THE ROYAL COURT. JOE LOUIS, JOE WALCOTT, EZZARD CHARLES WATCH PARADE.

THE FIGHT GAME, long dominated by colored boys, looks like it won't be abandoned by them for some time to come, judging from the wave of fresh material moving in on the heavyweight scene alone. Should someone like Rocky Marciano break through to grab the big crown, there will be plenty of dusky threats around waiting to snatch it back.

Boxing, even more than baseball, has become a top game for colored men in recent years. For every white boy fighting today there are three or four colored ones to match him. The tremendous ring success of Joe Louis over a long span of time and the unstinted public acceptance of him has given his racial brothers confidence and undying ambition.

When Rocky Marciano knocked out the aging Louis, and then beat Lee Savold, the Italian lad at age 27 looked like the leading contender. Everyone felt that should he slip past the trio of Louis-Walcott-Charles he would have clear sailing, at least until

Rollie La Starza was ready for him. But today he has new faces to haunt him.

Foremost among the colored threats is 23-year-old Clarence Henry, 6 foot 1 Californian who kayoed Bob Baker in New York in eight rounds after giving away 25 pounds and who later thrilled home televiewers with his one-round knockout of Bob Satterfield in Chicago.

Henry has been a crowd pleaser, and he proved he can take punishment as well as hit hard and finish a job. Against Satterfield he got up from the floor, after being knocked down and really hurt, to go on and quickly and powerfully demolish his opponent.

Another challenger is Coley Wallace, a 6 foot Harlem lad who resembles Louis, weighing nearly 200 pounds and also 23. Although his record is not as impressive as Henry's, he did win 12 of 16 fights by knockouts.

Louis, Walcott and Ezzard aren't the end of the line.



COLEY WALLACE of Harlem is the winner of this bout and a leading heavyweight contender to note. The boy

making like a magician's levitation act is George Walsh, who is being rocked into dreamland with a right.

How to Kill Your Dates



"I changed my mind about going dancing. Let's go bowling instead."

PIC June, 1952

← The Boy Athlete

Invite your girl out but don't tell her where you're going. She will doll herself up in an evening gown, of course, not wanting to ask you in advance where you are going because she thinks you might misconstrue her inquiry to mean she's more concerned about the place than you. And in case you slipped and told her you were going dancing, change your mind before you pick her up but don't tell her you're going bowling instead. When you show up in old sport clothes this will bowl her over. You won't have to worry about future dates.

The Silent Type



Sit in the movie with her night after night and be sure not to talk while on your date. Don't let her know what's on your mind at any time, and don't tell her what you think of her pretty face or her new clothes. Naturally, she will fall for Tyrone Power or some screen hero in lieu of you. So what? You won't have to take her out again.

The Talkative Type



Your girl came to dance but you just sit there yapping your head off like a prattle-brain punk. She can't get in a word, let alone untangle her legs that are dying for at least one samba. After this date you can buy yourself a dictaphone and stay home and listen to yourself—if you care to listen.

Can't Decide Where He's Going Type



It's raining as you start out with your date. Of course you haven't decided yet where you are going, so you drag out the evening paper and find the entertainment section while she dodges raindrops on the curb. Even if the weather is perfect, you can kill a date in three nights with this one. She will decide that you can't decide anything.

The Squaw Man



Take a good lead on your date while walking and don't let her catch up with you. Pretend you are Gehrman racing Wilk, or that you are a Big Chief. Tomorrow night you can run vs. yourself alone.

When you have finished reading PIC, please send your copy to a serviceman.

PIC, June, 1952

31

Cold Heart, Warm Fans

Tony Bennett's Style Doesn't Fit

the Pattern, But His Admirers Do



Tony's bride of this spring, the former Patricia Ann Beech of Cleveland, visits the crooner in the theater dressing room. Above, Bennett in action in a night club number.

TONY BENNETT, the young singer who hit the "jukepot" this year via two of the nation's top selling records, "Because of You," and "Cold, Cold Heart," represents a new national crooner trend. Tony has a new sound, and a new look. Neither the voice nor appearance follows the general pattern or behavior of the other stars, although there's a resemblance to several of his competitors.

This is not to say that Tony is hard on the eyes, far from it. He has dark, wavy hair, green eyes, a wide smile and a compact virile body—but he's not a six-foot adonis. He looks more like the boy next door—and acts that way too. Someone has to keep an eye on his wardrobe for he's no clothes-horse. Even when he's all made up onstage, he's still just like the boy next door. Modest, soft-spoken, and genuinely shy, Tony is refreshing.

Tony was born in Astoria, N.Y., 25 years ago as Anthony Dominick Benedetto. He aspired to become an artist and attended High School for Industrial Arts in Manhattan, but soon after he was graduated he entered the U. S. Army and saw action in the line as an Infantryman in Germany. His biggest thrill came recently when he found himself financially able to buy a home for his widowed mother.

(Continued on page 34)





BENNETT, SURROUNDED BY BOBBY-SOXERS AND HIGH-HEELED FANS, IS THE DELIGHT OF PRESS AGENTS.



NOT TOO MUCH ANIMATION HERE, BUT TONY REGISTERS A FEELING FOR HIS SONG.

Tony set a big "first" in 1951 when he made a return engagement at the New York Paramount theatre in the fastest time any singer was ever brought back: two months. His "Because of You" and "Cold, Cold Heart" records each sold over a million copies, and his Columbia discings of "Blue Velvet," "Solitaire," "Silly Dreamer," and "Since My Love Has Gone" climbed high up the best seller lists.

Tony recently married Patricia Ann Beech of Cleveland, Ohio.

All this is a far cry from the lean days three years ago when Tony was all set to give up show business and get a "steady" job. Then he met Raymond G.

Muscarella, a Brooklyn businessman, who liked his voice and became his personal manager.

Things began to happen. Bob Hope heard Tony sing at the Greenwich Village Inn and had him guest on stage with him, then took him on a tour of six cities. He was signed by Mitch Miller of Columbia Records and in April, 1950, his first release, "Boulevard of Broken Dreams," came out and launched his recording career. The record won him a spot on "Songs For Sale," and a summer radio series on CBS.

Tony worked steadily from then on but it wasn't until June, 1951, that he hit stardom with "Because of You."

END.

MEMBERS OF THE TONY BENNETT FAN CLUB GREET THEIR HERO.



The Big Ten

PIC's Rating of the Top Popular Vocalists



Key Starr



Patti Page



Doris Day



Mary Ford



Rosemary Clooney



Johnnie Ray



Toni Arden



Tony Bennett



Eddie Fisher



Tony Martin

PIC, June, 1952

HALF MILLION \$ ADVENTURE

His Biggest Thrill, Killing a Grizzly With One Shot,

Still Awaits This American Sportsman in His Log Castle



This \$300,000 log castle high in the Canadian Rockies is Col. Snyder's base for grizzly-hunting expeditions.



Snyder, who has downed 736 big-game animals in many parts of the world, rates the grizzly hardest to kill.

By HAROLD HILLIARD

HE has spent \$500,000 on adventure, an average of \$10,000 a year since 1900. He has shot with a single bullet the largest warm-blooded creature ever killed in the recorded history of man, the world's record elephant.

He has led at his own expense a dozen or more scientific expeditions to remote corners of the world . . . discovered a new Canadian mountain range, with over 500 peaks.

He has faced the jaws of death dozens of times, from the fangs and claws of such ferocious beasts as maddened lions, grizzlies, wood bison and rhinos.

But at 69 he figures he has still missed life's most exciting thrill—killing a grizzly with a single bullet.

To that purpose he has built in the wilderness of the Alberta foothills country, over 100 miles northwest of Calgary, a log "castle" insured for \$300,000. The "castle" is on the fringe of what he considers the world's best grizzly country. It serves as his base camp and jumping-off point for annual, two-month expeditions deep into the mountains.

He considers the grizzly the "king" of big game, far outranking the lion as the most difficult and dangerous

target. He speaks from experience of downing 736 big game killers, of every breed and variety, in almost every country in the world.

This fabulous character is Col. Harry Snyder, oil baron and big-game hunter extraordinary, a man who has been a millionaire four times and practically a pauper in between fortunes. He's an American by birth, but a Canadian by adoption. And he professes more intense loyalty to his adopted land than that displayed by most Canadians.

I was a guest of the colonel and his charming wife at their "castle" on the precipitous side of a hill, overlooking one of the foothill country's most magnificent panoramas. It's 21 miles beyond telephone and telegraph at remote Sundre, and for all practical purposes the same distance from the end of roads.

Here, in what Col. Snyder calls his "tepee," he retires every week-end, removed from the hustle of his Calgary office. Here in a trophy room with nearly the dimensions of the banquet hall of an ancient English castle, he enjoys reminiscing about his action-packed life. As a raconteur he ranks with the great. He highlights his storytelling with movies and stills of his hunts. Realism is added as he points to a principal in a story, in the form of a mounted head or preserved skin among his forest trophies.

Two Shots, Two Bison

His favorite oddly, is not the story of the world's record elephant, an eight-ton monster. Shooting it was a song, thanks to his deadly aim. He thinks the best shooting of his life was the time five lives, including his own, depended on his skill in downing, with his last two shots, two tons of charging fury. The fury was a pair of wood bison, the biggest big-game in North America, a species distinct from the better-known plains bison or misnamed buffalo.

Col. Snyder was head of a self-financed expedition collecting specimens in the wood bison sanctuary in the Northwest Territories, southwest of Great Slave lake. The specimens were for the National Museum in Ottawa and the American Museum of Natural History in New York, both of which lacked completed groups of the wood bison. The party included Dr. George Goodwin, assistant curator of the American museum, Mike Dempsey, the chief park warden, a Mountie and a guide.

The government had given them a permit to kill six specimens, two bulls, two cows and a brace of calves. The bulls were downed without too much



In his mountain retreat trophy room, Snyder proudly stands beside the tusk of his record 12 foot 4 elephant, estimated at 175 years old.

incident—except their camp was overrun by a herd one day.

A few days later the party stalked to within range of a herd of cows and calves. Snyder emptied his rifle, shoot-

ing the required four specimens. He began reloading and had just slipped two cartridges into the magazine when he heard Mike Dempsey yell: "Shoot! Something's coming" (Next Page)



Binoculars on the ledge, Col. and Mrs. Snyder watch wild game through this picture window which provides a spectacular Mountain panorama.

The colonel looked up and within 30 yards, charging straight for the party, were two bulls. Their heads were down and tails up, and they were moving at high speed. Col. Snyder was the only one armed. Dr. Goodwin stood his ground, grinding a movie camera, so confident was he of the colonel's aim.

In split seconds the colonel dropped to his knees and fired. The first bull tumbled in its tracks, from a clean neck shot. The rifle clicked as Snyder recharged it. Again he fired. The second bull plowed up the ground with his nose and lay still, no more than 15 feet from the clicking camera. The two bulls came to rest a scant 10 feet apart, so fast and accurate were the two shots.

"I was just as proud of that shooting as anything I ever did," recalled the man who has crowded 1,000 years of excitement into a single lifetime. "My first thought afterwards was an uneasy one. Ottawa had given me a permit for six bison and I'd killed eight. Mike Dempsey, however, reassured me. He pointed out the government wouldn't care a sliver about us dudes. But they'd value their head ranger, Mountie and five horses at a might more than two extra bulls."

Grizzly at 30 Yards

Snyder's big-game score includes nine grizzlies, among them a barrenlands specimen and one of the rare glacier breed. He landed the barrenlands beauty the year he discovered

the Snyder range in the Northwest Territories, north of British Columbia and beyond the fabled Nahanni valley country. But the beast almost cost the lives of both the colonel and his guide, Jim Ross.

The colonel was unarmed at the time, except for a jackknife. Busy making movies of the dazzling scenery, he swung the camera to focus on mountain peaks over the shoulder of Ross, and looked full into the face of a grizzly. Standing erect with forepaws extended, it was stalking the guide. Snyder shouted an alarm.

Ross looked in every direction but the right one and the bear moved in for the kill. Col. Snyder raced forward, grabbed the guide's gun and aimed. The sights were set for 350 yards. The bear now was within 30 yards. But there was no time to resight.

The colonel pumped four shots into the half-ton of furred fury as fast as he could work the bolt. The beast, mortally wounded but still dangerous, turned and fled. The colonel raced after it for several hundred yards before finally killing it with the sixth shot.

Snyder's best record for slaying a grizzly is two shots. He agrees with other experts who say this marauding terror of the Canadian Rockies can absorb three to four times as much lead as it takes to stop a lion. It's even more difficult to kill than a rhino. Snyder has slain one of the latter with a single shot.

He rates the agile grizzly as the most difficult big game to kill and the most likely to kill the hunter if it isn't stopped. A brain shot, he thinks, is impossible. The brain is far back in the skull, embedded in bone as thick proportionately "as armor plate on a ship's turret." A shot through the eye also is unlikely to penetrate the brain. The ear slot, smaller than a nickel, is covered with fuzzy wool and hopeless to sight.

A heart shot he lists as most dangerous. Even with a direct hit the bear has 10 to 15 seconds of full vitality. That's ample time for the beast to charge across 100 yards at full speed and crush a man's neck with his jaws.

Snyder recommends aiming just below the snout. If the shot is true, it will break the spine. An even better shot, if the beast is in position, is to aim below the tail and paralyze both hindquarters. Even then it won't prevent the enraged animal from charging downhill on his forelegs and possibly mauling his tormentor.

Snyder believes the best grizzly country is all in Canada—north of Waterton park in southern Alberta, the headwaters of the Wapiti, west of Grand Prairie, the headwaters of the Halfway river, north of the Peace River country, and in the valleys of the Racing and Tond rivers in northern B.C., just south of the Yukon. The grizzly, once a roamer of the prairies, has been gradually crowded back into these more remote areas by the advance of civilization.

His Biggest Scare

An equally or more dangerous part of Canadian Rockies hunting than facing a killer beast is the physical dangers of the country. Both Col. Snyder and his wife, herself an ardent huntress, are agreed on that. They've both been crippled by falls. Neither yet has suffered injury from a wild animal.

The colonel experienced the biggest scare of his hunting career while chasing highborn sheep in the Rockies. Stalking a highborn, incidentally, takes greater skill, ingenuity and patience, endurance and marksmanship than any other animal, most big-game hunters agree. Col. Snyder is one of this school.

On this particular hunt, the sheep had skittered up a 300-foot cliff with the colonel and his guide, Nick, scrambling after them. The men no sooner had started up than it began to sleet, making the footing uncertain. The guide was ahead. About halfway up Snyder got stalled in loose rock. He couldn't go up or down.

He loosened his rifle sling, and Nick grabbed the end to help him find firm footing. Just then the rock gave way



Skis and dog are ready for a run through the trees.



Snyder in uniform of "Black Watch" Montreal regiment.



One end of his immense living room.



Some trophies from hunts around the world.

and Snyder was left dangling over the edge of a ledge, with a sheer 150-foot drop below. Only clever maneuvering by the guide restored the hunter to firm footing. "But it was worth it," the colonel recalled. "When we got to the top we got our sheep, after some difficult shooting. And they were beauties."

Snyder's biggest thrill in Africa was killing a rhino while standing in water up to his armpits. Needless to say he is more than secretly proud of his record elephant—which he richly deserves to be. Its tusks, brightly polished, stand upright on pedestals in his trophy room. The toes form the

base for four circular end-tables, which are covered with the skin from the forelegs.

The rifle he used for his elephant kill, a .465 Holland and Holland, was a personal gift from Gen. Charles Dawes, U. S. vice-president during the administration of Herbert Hoover. It was a hunt which lasted for days. During the stalk, the colonel tripped in one of the beast's deep prints, which were 20 to 22 inches in diameter, and severely wrenched a knee which had been dislocated some years before when hunting mountain sheep. The colonel was in such pain that he had to give up and leave the stalking to

native scouts.

However, when the news flashed back that the giant bull was standing against a tree within a 15-minute walk, Col. Snyder forgot the pain of his leg. He hobbled through the jungle to the scene. The first glimpse he got of the beast was of a reddish rump, visible through the foliage. The big trumpeter was dozing. But the whispering of Snyder and his guide woke him. He turned and faced them, his giant ears spread sideways, as if ready to charge.

The guide nudged the colonel to tip-toe to the elephant's left flank, where he could aim a deadly side-shot



"I hope we can hang on to this one!"

through the canal of the ear into the brain. Other hunters marvel when they hear of how Col. Snyder can recall counting the 18 steps it took to get into the position from where he could see the slot in the beast's great ear.

There was no time to waste. The trumpeter was aroused and apt to stampede at any moment. Col. Snyder sighted and fired. The jungle echoed with a frightening crash as the colossal animal collapsed on crackling underbrush.

The noise alarmed a herd of 20 smaller elephants nearby. They stampeded in the direction of the hunters. Bushes and small trees crumpled like match sticks, before the eyes of the now terrified hunting party. They stood paralyzed, knowing their rifles offered no protection against a charging herd. There was no chance to flee, and they stood their ground. But at the last moment the trumpeters veered and passed without about 200 yards of the men.

Native porters had to hack away cords of wood before the vast hulk of Col. Snyder's prize was revealed. The natives swarmed up on it and squealed with delight. Two obeyed a tribal

rite by hacking off the tail. Col. Snyder recalled how a wave of intense intoxication swept over him and remained for hours. But it failed to give him the strength for the hike back to camp. His leg now was so badly swollen he was able to make the trip only with the help of crude, hastily improvised crutches.

At camp, the natives boisterously hoisted him on their shoulders and performed a barbaric victory dance around the campfire. The colonel remained in bed the next day when Dr. Goodwin took the measurements of the big elephant.

It was not until he returned, 24 hours after the killing, that Col. Snyder realized his accomplishment. The beast measured 12 feet, four inches in height at the shoulders. That's a foot and two inches higher than the previous record. Its age was estimated at 175 years, which meant Col. Snyder had killed the world's most aged warm-blooded creature.

Col. Snyder has hunted in every continent but Australia. In retrospect, even hunting in Africa seems pretty tame compared with the Rockies, which remain his favorite big-game territory. In Africa, "you ride in a

truck or car across plains most of the time, until almost within range of your prey. And there are dozens of Negro bearers tagging along all the time to do the work. They won't even let you lug your own rifle. A bearer hands-it to you only at the last minute," he reported.

"What a contrast to our Rockies, which really prove whether a man is a fair-weather hunter or not. There's a physical hazard every foot. You pack your own gun, grub and equipment much of the time on your back, scrambling up and down mountain faces. And there's only one guide to give a hand."

The colonel got "hooded" to big-game hunting in the Rockies as a stripling of 19, when he downed his first highhorn sheep. And he expects to spend his last hunting years in that same rugged territory.

Chances are he'll soon be back among the peaks, game leg and all. Because only once in 50 years has he failed to crowd in at least a two-month annual stint behind one of the 41 rifles which remain of a collection once numbering more than 1,000.

And, of course, he'll be seeking that grizzly with a single shot. **END**



PICLUSIVE:

De Carlo Finds Latin Romance

WHEN Yvonne De Carlo joined a Hollywood delegation to visit Uruguay for a cinema festival, she met a wealthy polo player in Punta del Este who, in the words of our cameraman, "rushed her off her feet." Miss DeCarlo watched the polo games and took pictures of her new friend, then went to the beach at Montevideo with him for the day to swim and sun. Her friend is Alberto Fernandez, in the wool business, whose hobbies are horses, boats and flying.

SEE NEXT PAGES ►



Yvonne and friend find beach at Montevideo is no different than Florida or California.



Miss De Carlo enjoyed the ocean bathing in Uruguay as much as she did the people she met there on the film expedition.

**SEE NEXT
PAGE ↓**



When Yvonne's ribbon loosens in the wind, Fernandez helps adjust it.

DE CARLO—Continued



Yvonne, a 16-mm. fan, films polo match.



This is the scene, with friend scoring.



She sits and waits for him to finish.



Hands him Uruguayan version of coke.



Yvonne meets a gaucho, Senor Pantaleon Mardaras, who signals for his horse to give her a ride. Her whip, which has built-in water flask, was his gift. Horse shies, frightens her. But she mounts and displays ability. **END.**





Akton Miller and his wife in the family car, a modified Hot Rod with cropped fenders, Oldsmobile motor and a 1932 Ford body. They live and work in Whittier, Calif. Below, Miller in his rear-motor self-designed racing car. Note the six exhaust pipes emerging high in the rear and the odd-sized motorcycle tires on front wheels.

PIC Crowns the KING of the HOT RODS

PICTURE STORY BY WALT DAVIS

Movie Starlet Susan Bell serves as PIC's ambassador to crown Akton Miller the national "King of the Hot Rods." (You can read about Miss Bell on page 4.)

EVER since he was 13 years old, Akton Miller of Whittier, Calif., now 30, has been driving and racing automobiles that he assembled himself. Most of his projects have been financed by his job as a garage operator and conducted in the time off from his work.

Therefore, when PIC began combing the "hot rod" areas of the country for a champion, all roads seemed to lead to Miller whom we have crowned the "King of the Hot Rods" with a record few other young drivers can match.

To begin with, Miller has driven the strange-looking car, in which he appears more like a Man from Mars, at a hot rod speed of 168 miles an hour! This was done at the favorite racing grounds for western hot rods, El Mirage Dry Lake in California. (See Feb. PIC.) But that's not all. Listen:

Once a year, Akton races at the famous professional track, Bonneville Flats, Utah, and last year he won two of the events, going 158 miles an hour in the Class B Modified Rotating race, and 172 miles an hour in the Class C Modified event.

Miller's pretty wife obviously doesn't object to the time he takes in building and driving racing cars. Even the family car has been rigged up in hot rod style with an Oldsmobile engine mounted in a 1932 Ford body. Yes, the Little Lady also drives the family model and drops in at the garage to give hubby a lift home.

Miller, a war veteran, (Continued next page)



**California War Vet Garageman
Builds Own Racing Machine
and Drives it 172 mi. per hr!**



PIC, June, 1952

PIC, June, 1952

THE KING OF THE HOT RODS

—Continued



is a member of the Road Runners Club and is vice-president and treasurer of the National Hot Rod Association.

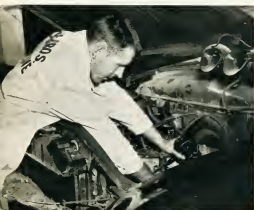
The racing car, in which the driver seems to be virtually lying down, was designed like no other car. To propel the weird machine Miller developed a Mercury engine which will produce 278 horsepower, and he installed such innovations as six exhaust pipes, engine mounted in the rear of car, and spe-



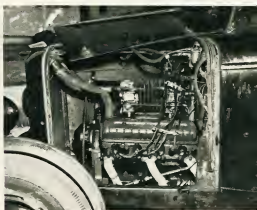
Akton Miller in his racer. Cost \$3,000 to build.



Driver's seat. Note cut-away steering wheel.



Miller working on a customer's auto.



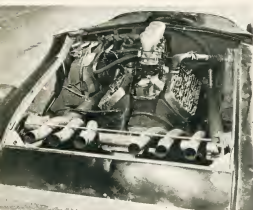
Olds engine mounted in his 1932 Ford.

cially-built motorcycle tires mounted on the front wheels (standard tires on the rear). The motorcycle tires have tread cut to prevent throwing rubber at high speeds.

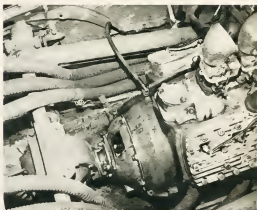
The body of the car, with very pointed aerodynamic nose piercing the atmosphere, is completely sealed to prevent any air from entering and causing speed losses. There are ball bearings throughout.

The motor; mounted back of the driver's cramped

seat, is coupled together with the rear end and the drive is direct to the rear wheels with two universal joints on each side connected by a nine-inch axle. The front axle is straight chrome molly tubing split in the center and hinged by means of hardened steel pins. The back wheels have two leading arm axles holding the wheels in vertical movement only, and suspension by torsion bars. Each wheel is suspended separately.



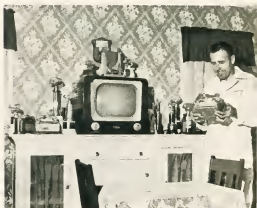
Rear has motor, exhausts, and two water tanks.



How racing motor and rear end are connected.



Mrs. Miller calls for Akton in family hot rod.



Racing trophies pile up on dining buffet



Usually rough with his leading ladies, big John carries the queen of the swash-bucklers, Maureen O'Hara, in his newest picture.

BIG DUKE

**John Wayne Would Rather Go Fishing, But Being
"Mr. Boxoffice" Has Just About Barred a Private Life**

By TOM CARLILE

AT LEAST once a year, some semi-conscious character with a sturdy back and an uncertain grasp on life will lurch up to big John Wayne in a bar and, in a voice heavily reinforced with bourbon, will inquire, "So you think you're tough, eh?"

"No, I'm not," Duke will tell him calmly, displaying an easy grin. "I'm not nearly so tough as I look in pictures."

If this peace-making overture doesn't work, as occasionally happens, Duke, with a broader smile, will then drop his arm over the offender's shoulder and invite him to step up for a drink. Invariably, this ends the dispute, for from his vantage point of six feet, four inches and with the full authority of his 215 pounds of solid muscle behind it, Duke's arm is, as screen writer Frank Nugent once put it, "like suddenly having a telephone pole dumped on you."

Since these outbursts of belligerence usually follow close on the heels of each of Duke's appearances on the screen, it looks like he is in for a busy year during 1952. For in his latest film, "The Quiet Man," which he made last fall for John Ford in Ireland, Duke does a rough-and-tumble fight scene with Victor McLaglen, another beefy behemoth, which lasts a full 21 minutes on the screen and it is truly a scrap to stir the hormones. According to experts in the bruise and fracture league of Hollywood, there has been no equal display of sheer brute force recorded on film since Martin Johnson stopped photographing the titanic (Continued next page)



Mrs. Wayne sees Big John off to Europe with his boss at Republic studios, Herbert J. Yates (with the cane).

Although he seldom gets to use them, John keeps a huge collection of guns, hunting and fishing gear at home.





A long man tries to use a short sofa in his living room. His large home is in the San Fernando Valley.

struggles of lions and tigers in the African jungle.

This spectacular battle is not unusual, for all of John Wayne's pictures, especially those directed by John Ford, are noted for their stirring action. But what is extraordinary about *"The Quiet Man"* is that Ford, never a man to throw compliments around lightly, declares that it is the finest performance of the big actor's entire career. "Duke has always been my boy," Ford said, at the pre-release screening of the film, "but he really surprised me with his restraint and authority as an actor in this one."

If John Ford's estimate is even close to the truth, it is almost a certainty that John Wayne will accomplish what no movie performer since Shirley Temple has been able to do: to remain the top box-office star of Hollywood for three consecutive years. This is no flimsy achievement, and every profit-conscious executive in the industry knows it. There are even those people in Hollywood who would credit John Wayne with almost singlehandedly saving the motion picture industry from economic oblivion. At one time, in Los Angeles alone, seven of his pictures were simultaneously showing and each one, including the revivals, was making more money than any rival film on the week's play bill. In 1951 one exhibitor in Southwest Texas, while casting his vote for Duke on the Showman's Trade Review annual poll,

wrote, "Honestly I can make more money showing Wayne's old pictures than with those of many other stars."

Duke's remarkable drawing power, which began in late 1949 with *"Wake of the Red Witch," "Red River,"* and *"Fort Apache,"* and continued with *"She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," "Three Godfathers"* and *"Sands of Iwo Jima,"* is solidly based on his own belief that the public is fed up with talky, artificial melodramas and with arty performers who deliver each speech as though it were the death scene from *Macbeth*. Duke readily confesses that he is not really an actor, but a reactor.

"To each situation that comes up in the script," he says, "I try to react the way I think an ordinary man would."

This formula, at least in the outdoor action pictures in which he specializes, is undeniably successful. Today, Duke is the most sought-after leading man in Hollywood. He has a contract to make one picture a year with three studios: R-K-O, Warner Brothers, and Republic. He has another contract with Republic to produce, under his own banner, one major feature each year. Last year, he made more than \$1,000,000 from his screen career, and quite a few thousands more from the comic book, shirts, boots, hats and other items of merchandise which are

sold under his name. His future as a top money-maker is assured as long as he wishes to remain in pictures.

Duke's greatest asset as an actor, discounting a certain amount of hawk-like good looks, is the way he walks, stands and talks. He doesn't look like a typical leading man, but like a real he-man. Down in Mexico, where Duke likes to spend his leisure time, the people smile happily at the graceful, shoulders-back way he walks through their streets. Much of his bearing is attributable to the fact that Wayne, a former USC football player, is a natural athlete. The rest of it he picked up during his quickie western days from imitation of Yakima Canutt, Hollywood's greatest stunt man. It was Yak who persuaded Duke to learn enough about acting to get out of C-grade westerns. "It was his idea that Hollywood didn't hold much future for anyone who constantly stuck his neck out and asked someone to step on it," Duke says, today.

In those early days, between 1932 and 1935, Duke made more than 40 such low-budget westerns, many of which are now appearing regularly on TV. He did all of his own riding and stunt work, and ended up with more than his share of cracked ribs before he began to see the wisdom of Yak's advice. Even so Duke's career did not take an upward spurt until 1939, when John Ford gave him the leading role, as the Ringo Kid, in "Stagecoach," which since has become a classic among western films.

After that, Duke's destinies were almost inseparably inter-twined with John Ford, and Wayne has remained devotedly loyal to the man who gave him his first important break. Today, all of Duke's contracts with the studios contain a clause which specifies that Ford has first call on his services, and that each starting date must be cleared with Ford's office. Ford is perhaps the only person in Hollywood who is able to, and does, heap abuse on Wayne's head.

"You're not a lousy SC football player anymore," he will shout at Duke, in front of the entire company, when he is disappointed with Wayne's performance. "Let's do it again. And this time, you big lug, get it right." Wayne will docilely obey.

Wayne is just as loyal to his other friends, a group of robust specimens like Ward Bond, Paul Fix, Grant Withers, and his flamboyant business manager, Bo Roos. Duke has conducted a friendly feud with Ward Bond since their college days at USC. When they were both younger, they used to trade punches with one another that promised always to end in bloody mayhem. But in keeping with Duke's new stature in the industry, their horseplay is now but a nostalgic memory. They both still laugh about the time when Duke accidentally shot Bond in the back while they were out quail hunting together. Duke carried Ward three miles out of the mountains to a hospital, where the doctors picked 40 pieces of buck-shot out of his back. Duke watched the operation grimly, and then made Ward furious by remarking, "In a way, I'm glad I shot you. It's the first chance I've had to check the pattern my gun makes. You'll be glad to know it didn't scatter a bit."

Among screen writers in Hollywood, it is well known that any story, to stand even a remote chance of selling to Duke, must have a strong Paul Fix part in it. Paul, a character actor who once helped Duke to learn dialogue, appears in every film Duke makes, or he doesn't make it. The same principle goes with Grant Withers, who works (Continued next page)



John in happier days with his wife, the former Esperanza Baur, and her mother, having coffee on the patio.



Wayne's three spaniels have room to romp on the rambling Encino grounds. Below: a friend painted him.





In "The Quiet Man," a new film, John manhandles Maureen O'Hara; below, fights Victor McLaglen.



In another new film, "Jet Pilot," for RKO, John has more rough going with Janet Leigh in scene below.



BIG DUKE—Continued

with Duke if he does not already have a previous assignment. During the war, when Duke's press agent was called into service, Wayne insisted on paying his entire salary while he was away. "Hell, man," was his blunt comment, "you didn't start this damn war. Why should you suffer from it?"

Duke's tremendous success in recent years has brought him all of the material rewards any man could ask for. Last year he purchased, for \$140,000 cash, a 14-room house in Encino with 4 acres of grounds, including bridle paths, stables and an immense swimming pool. But like most busy men in the movie industry, Duke has been unable to spend much time enjoying the luxury and comfort of his home. In fact, his heavy schedule of work has been primarily responsible for the marital difficulties he has had with his pretty wife, Esperanza, to whom he has been married since 1943.

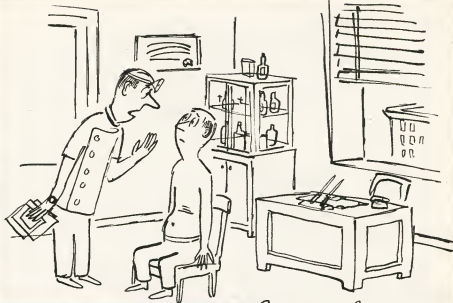
Unfortunately, and perhaps too late, Duke is finding that the very discipline and devotion to his career that have made him Hollywood's biggest bonanza at the box office might also prove to be the undoing of his personal life. His close friends, however, feel that Duke has realized this in time, and will be able to preserve his marriage.

There was a time, a few years ago, when Duke was considered one of Hollywood's most prodigious hobbyists. He has caught at least a dozen marlin off the coast of Mexico. He belongs to gun clubs up and down the state of California. Once, he even considered taking up pottery making and went as far as requesting that his wife buy him a kiln for Christmas; it still sits unused in his garage, right next to the barbells and rowing machine he hasn't used either. Being a frustrated sportsman, Duke tries to make up for his lack of participation by a steady stream of purchases from the advertisements in men's magazines. Every other week, he will dump a pile of clippings on his secretary's desk and tell her, "Send away for those." He has the world's greatest collection of fish-skinners, elk-tooth knives, trick bass plugs, and hunting jackets, and maybe some day he will get around to using them.

But of late, Duke's leisure time is spent resting, usually on the beach of Acapulco, Mexico. When he is feeling run-down and his old case of stomach ulcers starts kicking up again, Duke likes his privacy, and is like a wolf with a sore toe, growling angrily at any invasions of the outside world. But a few days rest always works wonders; and long before his specified vacation is over, he is raring to get back in the maelstrom of Hollywood again.

Ahead of Duke for the coming year lies a schedule of new projects that would wear down a pack elephant. By the end of summer, he will have completed, "The Iron Mistress" for Warner Brothers. Then he leaves for Mexico where, over the protests of half the state of Texas, he is filming his most important independent production to date, "The Alamo." He had been planning this film for nearly two years, and sets have been under construction at Timpeac Studios in Mexico City since last December. Upon its completion, John Wayne will have achieved a lasting position in motion picture history; not only as an actor, but as a top independent producer as well. Perhaps then he can find time for hunting, fishing, and swapping windies with his friends over the poker table. They all hope so; they miss his salty humor and the money he used to contribute with unflinching regularity to, as they call it, "the good of the cause."

END



la nuda

A Sporting Chance

"Do you feel strong enough
to look at your bills?"



"I don't care—I think
it's unfair!"

HOMES

Happy Small House

Two Bedrooms, Dining Room, and a 21-Foot Living Room, Plus Extra-Guest Nook—and All of This Totals Only 986 Square Feet!

DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR PIC MAGAZINE
by ALPHA SEHLIN



This unusual house, covering only 986 square feet, is actually 54 feet long, and making a double garage of it would add another eight feet. Expense across living-dining area is a full 24 feet.



The simplicity of white stucco suits this low, friendly little house which is particularly inviting nestled among trees. There is a wide overhanging roof at entrance and across rear where windows are large.

ON ENTERING this house it would be hard to believe that it covers only 986 square feet. The living room is 21 feet deep and it is 24 feet across dining-living room. A cabinet at entrance opens into dining room and has a plant box on top. We have omitted a door into kitchen since the cabinets one sees are good looking.

What could be more useful than the bed alcove? Bookshelf cabinet has a drawer for bedding below, and the bathroom is just around the corner. A window wall at far end of room has a corresponding glass door to terrace. There is a long, low mantel with more bookshelves at the right of fireplace. These could be enclosed if you find cabinet space more useful. Stairway leads to a basement under living area with plenty of space for playroom, furnace, laundry and storage.

The blueprinted plan is useful in making basement any size you wish. House is 54 feet long. If you prefer a double garage add eight feet to width.

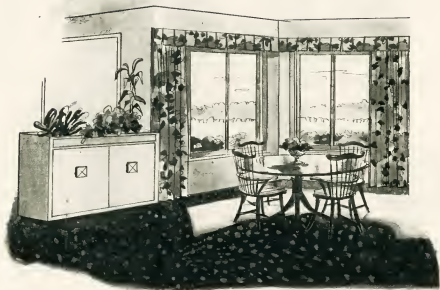
SEE INTERIORS NEXT PAGE----

HOMES

A Space-Saving Small House That Still Has a 24-Foot Living-Dining Area and Two Full Bedrooms

A sleeping-lounging alcove such as this one is really rare in a small house, but oh how handy, especially when you have an overnight guest. This bed, or couch, is away from living room activity and is conveniently near the bathroom. The book cabinet has bedding drawer below.





A cheerful dining area has broad windows. A cabinet on the left makes a division between living and dining space. A copper tray for growing plants is fitted into the top, while cabinet below has shelves for linen or dishes, or any items stored.

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Complete blueprints and specifications come in parcels containing two sets of each for \$11. You need two sets for bids, loans, etc. (When reordering, plans are \$5 each. Please mention the date of the original order.) Plans contain alternate ideas as described and details for built-in furniture. No changes, sorry. Send M.O. or check.

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PLAN 138

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

GIs AND Sex

Pinups, like this of popular movie player Janet Leigh lead off the mail and discussions.



The Interests of Servicemen Haven't Changed Since the Last War, and Ladies Still Come First

WHEN it comes to preferences, the servicemen of 1952 are no different than the men in World War II.

A survey of men in the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines has given us the information that 97% of them are interested in the fair sex. This does not necessarily mean that they place the fair sex first among interests, but of the men interviewed 97% of them mentioned pinups, girl friends, wives, mothers or sisters among other topics.

Next in line comes their interest in sports, with a batting percentage of 81%. Not that the remaining 19% have no interest in sports; they just failed to mention it if they did.

Next comes jobs, with 68% of those interviewed naming an interest in their futures. Hobbies hold 37% of them, just a shade under those who (39%) want to read about or discuss homes and home building. Last is education at 19%.

Of the letters received in PIC's office, the order of interests rates a bit differently than the interviews, although the subject of fair sex again takes the lead with 52% of all GI mail received. Second is home-building, which claims 21% of the letters addressed to PIC, no doubt due to the home-building feature and house plan for young people carried each issue, plus the annual "Homes From PIC." This division, by the way, has also been rather consistent ever since Pearl Harbor.

Sports inquiries and discussions occupy 13% of what the mailman brings us, while job talk runs 7%, hobbies 4%, and education 3%. There was a time, at the end of the last war, when education inquiries were very much higher.

Breaking down the subject of fair sex, our survey revealed these names as most frequently mentioned among pinups and entertainment personalities:

Marilyn Monroe, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner, Doris Day, Betty Grable, Jane Russell, Rita Hayworth, Debbie Reynolds, Dagmar, Yvonne DeCarlo, Janet Leigh, Judy Garland, Peggy Dow, Vera-Ellen, Esther Williams, Virginia Mayo, Arlene Dahl, Marie Wilson, Sally Forrest, Joan Vohs and Jeanne Crain.

In sports, baseball rates the top interest, football next, then boxing, basketball, racing, bowling, golf, hockey, and assorted participant sports.

Favorite baseball subject: the New York Giants. Favorite football topics, like many others, were too scattered and varied to name any specific team or player other than the Big Ten as a group.

Interests of servicemen according to survey:

1. The fair sex	97%
2. Sports	.81
3. Jobs	.68
4. Homes	.39
5. Hobbies (music, cars, arts, etc.)	.37
6. Education	.19

Subject matter of mail received by PIC from men in service:

1. The fair sex	52%
2. Homes	.21
3. Sports	.13
4. Jobs, careers	.07
5. Hobbies	.04
6. Education	.03



Debbie Reynolds
(left).



Peggy Dow
(below).



Vera-Ellen



Sally Forrest



Esther Williams



Ava Gardner

Still favorites among pinups.

NEWS ITEM.

MIXTURE OF NATIONS IN NATO CREATES PROBLEM OF UNDERSTANDABLE LANGUAGE



The Case of the

Terrible Trophy



T-MAN WALTER CARROLL of the Alcohol Tax Unit, Washington, exhibits foreign weapons brought home by GI's.

These guns, which have been deactivated, are still souvenirs without endangering the lives of innocent people.

Foreign Weapons, Brought Home by Veterans as War Relics, Are Dangerous in the Wrong Hands

KARL HANNOVER's antique shop was almost on the rocks when an ex-con named Phil St. John put money into it. True, some mighty unsavory characters frequented the basement where Phil set up business, but since the revenue was good Karl wasn't one to be too inquisitive.

Phil was doing well selling souvenir war weapons to underworld hoodlums, getting as much as \$500 for a Krupp automatic. In fact, it was one of his Tommy guns that killed Sam Karr, a highly respected citizen, and the proprietor of a local dairy. Two thugs knew Sam had withdrawn a large sum of money from the bank. When they burst into the dairy office Sam reached into a desk drawer for a pistol. The Krupp blazed away and Sam sprawled onto the floor, dead. But the killers didn't get far before the sheriff picked them up.

Questioning proved useless. The gangsters refused to reveal the source of their weapons. However, shortly after the sheriff's office turned the Krupp over to the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Treasury Department, a definite clue was uncovered. A laboratory technician, after knocking the gun down, examined the parts under a microscope. On one side of the firing pin was scratched an Army serial number.

It was easy to locate the ex-GI who had brought the trophy back from Germany. But questioning him revealed only the story that the vets in his housing project had sold their souvenir guns at a public auction to raise funds. Jimmy Sandberg remembered that a gray-haired man who "didn't look like a gangster" bought his Krupp.

Phil, realizing that the gun he sold was now in the hands of Treasury, decided to take no chances. He had his thugs pick up Jimmy. After a thorough beating, Jimmy was told that if he didn't keep quiet his wife would be next.

When Jimmy reached home he found Mike Draper, a Treasury agent, waiting for him. Jimmy told how he was picked up, taken to a basement and beaten. Mike's thorough training paid off when he got Jimmy to recall a seemingly unimportant clue. There had been a gas meter on the basement wall at the antique shop. Jimmy had stared at it during his ordeal and remembered part of the number and the positions of the hands on the three dials.

Jimmy and Mike pored through the gas company's files for several hours and finally found the address of the basement hideout.

A subsequent raid netted Phil, Karl and the two thugs. They received sentences. (Continued on next page)

PIC, June, 1952

SEE
NEXT
PAGE
➔



MAJOR GENERAL Edwin C. Parker, U.S. Provost Marshal, examines a Russian "Burr" gun with Walter Grezza in the picture below. Grezza, of NBC-TV's "T-Men in Action," displays souvenir gun above.



THE CASE OF THE TERRIBLE TROPHY—Continued



1. Phil St. John sells a Krupp automatic souvenir gun for \$500 to two gangsters, having obtained it from a Vet public auction.

in a Federal penitentiary. Jimmy, for violating the National Firearms Act—which requires that such guns be registered, and puts a tax of \$200 on each weapon that is transferred or sold—received a suspended sentence. The two killers were put to death.

This proved to be a valuable lesson for all the vets in Jimmy's project, and the story is a reminder to all ex-servicemen that these weapons can be dangerous even when they are presumably in safe hands. A youngster may come across your gun and take it out to play. Sooner or later the wrong party has it. All such guns should be turned in to the police, or at least they should be taken to a local gunsmith for de-activation. **END**

THE CAST

"The Case of the Terrible Trophy"
On NBC-TV's "Treasony Man in Action"

The Chief.....Walter Greaza
Mike Draper.....Donald Curtis
Phil St. John.....Eddie Binns
Karl Hannover.....Wolf Barzell
Jimmy Sandburg.....Alan Stevenson
Ethel Sandburg.....Melba Rae
Sheriff.....Dave Kerman



2. The sheriff and his deputy confront the two with the weapon after their arrest for killing the dairyman in an armed robbery.



3. T-Man Mike Draper has a technician go over the gun, finds an Army serial number.



4. Karl Hannover, antique shop owner, is warned by St. John about exposing his illegal gun deals in basement.



5. Jimmy, the Vet who first sold gun, gets a beating from thugs who threaten him if he squeals on them.



6. Draper confronts Jimmy and wife with the murder gun, and they describe grey-haired man who bought it.



7. A raid on the shop netted Phil, Karl and the two thugs. All got long prison terms and the killers were put to death. Jimmy had violated the National Firearms act which covers machineguns, automatic pistols and sawed-off shotguns, requiring a \$200 tax on each gun when sold or transferred. Treasury men enforce that law. But because Jimmy helped smash the racket, he drew a suspended sentence. Here he examines other souvenirs. **END**

Persistent GI Artist

Sketched a "Letter" Each

Day to His Wife at Home

WHEN Sgt. Sykes Kennon of Oxford, Miss., was in the Army during World War II, spending 15 months in Burma and India, he sent his bride some very unusual love messages. Instead of writing letters, ambitious amateur artist Kennon painted a sketch each day in water colors, depicting the place where he was stationed, and sent it home to her. On each one he penned some little message of affection and, of course, Mrs. Kennon saved them all, some of which are shown on these pages.

Kennon, now 34, son of a University of Mississippi professor, has always done things differently. When he once wondered how his brunette wife would look with red hair he painted her portrait accordingly.

For practice, Kennon once advertised in a magazine that he would paint oil portraits for 10 cents—just send him a photo. The dimes and photos poured in, and Sykes worked around the clock to deliver. He devised a mass production idea, painting a whole group at one time by going over them with one color, then with another. He would paint a flock of noses, then lips, and so on. He didn't make any money but he got the practice on portraits that he sought.

Today Kennon is indefatigable. He works at his easel from sunrise to midnight, then retires and dreams landscapes in color. Once he completely forgot he was to attend an Ole Miss football game, a sin unpardonable to anyone but Kennon.



Kennon paints his wife's portrait, changes hair to red.



Sketches of Digboi, India, where he was stationed in war.



Memos on life in Bhamo, Burma.

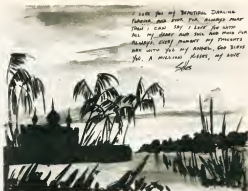


Oil of Lafayette county courthouse, scene of movie, "Intruder in the Dust."

Painting on street.



Oil of favorite model, 94.



One of many messages to wife from Calcutta, India.



Typical characters Kennon found in India.



War ruins in Burma.



Abel's Clear Flam



ALAN I. ABEL, modern-minded Radio City Music Hall drummer and author and lecturer on the subject of drumming, claims most drumming methods are outmoded. For instance, Mr. Abel favors wrist drumming to the finger system. And in his recent book he has eliminated the drag paradiddle, the flam paradiddle-diddle, and the single, double and triple ratamacues because they are old-fashioned. Would you believe it? Neither did we, so we asked Mr. Abel to demonstrate. The pictures of his modern methods by Maria La Yacona, are from the book "All Snared Up," published by Francis Aercenson (\$1).

In case you haven't heard, a "flam" is the sound made when two drumsticks hit almost simultaneously and go "fl-am." Mr. Abel is preparing his own television show co-featuring Be Be Shopp, Miss America of 1948, who plays the vibraphone and sings. Now go on with your lesson. And if you find you can't "flam" like Abel you're not a modernist. Then let your wife beat you on the head—maybe it will come to you.





Pic Poll:

THE QUESTION:

*"Should
Husbands
and Wives
Go On
Separate
Vacations?"*



"I should say not, and I can speak for my husband in saying so. If he went off alone he might toll for same silly blande, like that silly goose he's staring at right now."

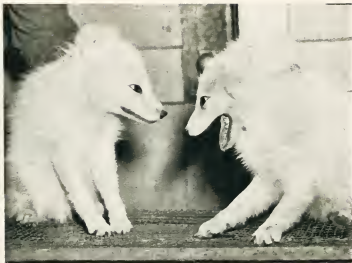
Favor	0 %
Opposed	33.2%
Undecided	16.6%
Decided, but won't talk	50 %



"Oh, gracious, what you said!"



"My wife and I have a perfect understanding. When I go off alone she pays no attention, just comes along with me. I think all people should be ogreable."



"Keep your big mouth shut. It's ideas like that that give other people ideas."

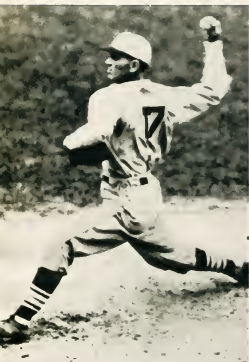


"Mph, fumph, grumphth, doonumgk, mmph," which interpreted means: "Why do you think I'm already sitting up here? I opened my yap."



"Don't even answer. Imagine leaving me with all these children."

Diz Dean vs Hollywood



DIZZY DEAN PITCHING HIS FAMOUS FIREBALL AT PEAK OF HIS CAREER IN 1934, WINNING 30 GAMES.

THE LIFE of Jerome Herman Dean, one of our Great Men of baseball, has been deservedly brought to the movie screen at last. How Dan Dailey, a hooper, compares with the Great Diz in playing the hero role is a matter of speculation after some of the sad flops in past movies where an actor has depicted a baseball immortal. However, Dailey and Dean at least are of the same physical proportions, each 6 feet 4 in his bare feet and weighing 189 pounds, the weight Diz carried in 1934 when he won 30 games for the Cardinals.

Naturally, no one has ever heaved a ball like Dizzy Dean in his prime. The Great Man was an athlete of several gifts who clowning his way across the national scene for seven voltaic semesters and early in his screwball career was dubbed "Dizzy" by sports writers and cheerleaders.

His nickname proved to be as correct as moonshine for this big, brash and bumptious hillbilly from Arkansas cut such idiotic capers on the pitcher's mound that he threatened to turn the national pastime into Disorganized Baseball. His antics away from the playing field, too, will be recounted fondly by fans and players as long as there is a Hot Stove league.

This garrulous yet lovable zany also happened to possess the most potent fireball of his era, a jet-propelled sport of slant that ruined more batting averages than fast living and left batters dizzy. It was his violent whiplash that earned him the title of "strikeout king" of the National League.

Dizzy met Pat Nash in 1931, the year he won 26 games for Houston in the Texas League before stepping into the majors with the St. Louis Cardinals.

The Great Man's Spectacular and Zany Career is Saved for Posterity on the Screen

It was love at first sight when Dizzy walked into a Houston department store and couldn't take his eyes off the pretty dark-haired girl at the hosiery counter. He asked her for a date and one week later he married the girl who was to play a big role in his career.

Pat vetoed Dizzy's proposal to get hitched at home plate at the Houston ball park, and she also made him return a new violet-hued Hupmobile he got her as a wedding gift without a down payment. Dean confesses he had to borrow two dollars from her for the license, and his bride watched him pitch a game the same day.

Brother Paul joined Dizzy on the Cardinal pitching staff in 1933 and was immediately dubbed "Daffy," which was a bit inaccurate because Paul was a bashful, soft-spoken fellow utterly lacking the showmanship of his flamboyant brother Dizzy. Most of the wild stunts in which Paul participated were the result of Dizzy's prodding and because Paul loved the color attached to his big brother.

The 1934 season, when the Dean brothers were at their height, was one of the most exciting years in baseball. At the start Dizzy declared: "Me and Paul are the best pitchers in the National League, and we'll win 45 games between us." They went on to win 49-30 for Dizzy and 19 for Daffy—and then won two more games each in the World Series against Detroit!

Their combined salaries at the time totalled exactly \$10,500 a year. Compare this with some of bonus boys today who don't even pay off.

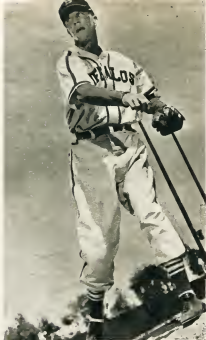
In a double-header against Brooklyn that year (Sept. 21) the Deans almost achieved baseball's most fantastic feat: two no-hit games in the same afternoon by two brothers. Dizzy gave one hit in the eighth in the first game, then Paul pitched a no-hitter. That night Diz made the classic remark, "Heck, if I'da knowed Paul was agoin' to do that, I'da tried for one mahself."

In his first season with St. Louis Diz won 18 games for the seventh-place club and worked a record of 286 innings. In 1933 he won 20 games, had 199 strikeouts, and set a record fanning 17 Chicago Cubs in one game.

Dizzy, who pitched an all-time total of 1,154 strikeouts, always fancied himself as a hitter. In the 1934 World Series he got two hits in one inning and remarked: "Only a few other fellers ever got two hits in one World Series inning, and no other pitcher except me ever done that!"

Before games he would play in the band or he and Paul would act as ushers to surprised customers in the stands. He once built a bonfire in the infield, and another time placed a cake of ice on home plate to "cool off" his fireball. Diz originated the midseason holdout by striking for \$1 a day extra spending money, and Breadon raised him to \$2 a day. One of his most famous cracks came when he announced before the game to the Boston Braves that he wouldn't throw a curve all day. He didn't either, and gave them only three hits in winning 3 to 0.

There never was another Dizzy Dean. **END**



MOVIE VERSION of Dizzy is Dan Dailey, who resembles Dean in size. He studied pitcher's style and antics.



JOANNE DEU portrays Dean's wife in the movie story, "Pride of St. Louis." Below, Richard Grenn plays Dizzy's brother Paul so well he got film contract.



'MISS PIC MAGAZINE OF 1952'



"Sorry, Miss—the decision of the judges is final."

WHY DON'T all of our soldiers fire their weapons in battle? The Army has been wondering that, without coming to any certain conclusions.

Just as in the last two world wars, our troops in Korea continue the mystery of the non-shooting GI, despite the fact that they have exceptional fire power.

Some military experts say that in the thick of fighting no more than one out of four men uses the rifle, or automatic weapon or grenade with which he has been equipped.

Why? The Army isn't ready to give official explanations, but it does list some of the known reasons:

Paralysis of fear, or fear of provoking the enemy. Lack of confidence in the weapon or in one's skill with it. To save ammunition.

Lack of a will to fight and kill a specific man rather than an anonymous "enemy."

Fear of disclosing his presence by opening fire. A sudden notion of sportsmanship.

Just plain indolence.

Failure to see target because of terrain, or friendly troops in line of fire.



The Mystery of the Non-Shooting GI

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Job Barometer Pharmacy

The Outlook

The outlook for the entire profession of pharmacy is dominated by employment trends in the retail drug field. Over 85 percent of the Nation's 103,000 registered pharmacists were working in retail drug stores in 1951. Hospitals, drug manufacturing establishments, and wholesale houses employed most of the remaining pharmacists. Still smaller numbers were in colleges of pharmacy, law-enforcement agencies, and the Armed Forces.

Retail Drug Stores

The number of drug stores in operation, as well as the number of pharmacists engaged in the retail branch of the profession, is considerably influenced by Federal and State laws. In order to protect public health, legislation has been enacted which provides that certain drugs and poisons may be sold only in drug stores and that such sales must be made under the supervision of a registered pharmacist. Most States have also adopted laws requiring the presence of a registered pharmacist whenever a drug store is open for business. In 1951 there were in the entire country about 51,000 drug stores served by approximately 89,000 registered pharmacists.

The number of physicians' prescriptions filled annually per person has increased during the past decade.

Sharp gains recorded during the first seven years of the 1940's were not matched during the last three years, possibly because general business activity was not expanding so rapidly during these years. Nevertheless, the number of prescriptions filled per person continued to increase throughout the entire decade.

The outlook for prescription practice during the coming years appears favorable. The high level of consumer purchasing power generated by the defense program is likely to be reflected in increased expenditures for medical care. Prepayment plans for medical services will also make it possible for more people to obtain physicians' care. More visits will probably be made to physicians' offices and an increasing number of prescriptions will be written.

As prescription practice increases, some drug stores may find it necessary to employ additional registered personnel.

However, it is unlikely that this will occur in very many cases because at present the volume of prescriptions is not great enough in many stores to occupy the full time of the pharmacists employed. A survey made in one State in 1950 revealed that two-thirds of the drug stores in that State filled, on the average, fewer than 30 prescriptions per day—somewhat less than the number that could easily be handled by a single pharmacist. Moreover, an increasing proportion of physicians' prescriptions call for medicine which has already been compounded by drug manufacturing concerns and which can be dispensed without taking up much of the pharmacist's time.

A more important factor tending to increase the need for additional pharmacists per store is the trend toward shorter hours for registered personnel. The median hours worked by pharmacists per week are estimated to have declined from about 70 in 1929 to 65 in 1950, and then to approximately 55 in 1945. Although many pharmacists continued to work long hours, the 48-hour week had become quite common in 1951. Because there has not been a corresponding reduction in the number of hours during which drug stores remain open, an increasing number of pharmacists are required in order to satisfy the legal requirement that a registered pharmacist be present whenever a store is open for business.

Additional openings for pharmacists may also result from the moderate increase expected in the number of drug stores in operation. The growth of population in suburban areas around large cities has created a number of opportunities to open new pharmacies, especially in shopping centers. The number of drug stores has increased by about 1,000 in the last five years despite the tendency toward establishing larger and larger stores. This growth reverses the situation that prevailed during World War II when the number of retail outlets dropped from 54,000 in 1941 to 50,000 in 1945.

Drug Manufacturers and Wholesalers

Pharmacists also play an important role in drug manufacturing and wholesaling. In recent years an increasing proportion of prescriptions has been compounded in manufacturing establishments. This is of the medicine called for in physicians' especially true of some of the newer drugs for which rigid standards have been set and for the preparation of which expensive equipment is often required.

Unlike the situation that prevails in the retail field, most States do not require drug manufacturing or wholesaling to be carried on under the supervision of a

registered pharmacist. However, quite a few of the leading drug firms were originally established by pharmacists and make it a practice to employ pharmacists. In 1951 around 7,000 registered pharmacists were employed by manufacturers and wholesalers.

The majority of the registered pharmacists working for drug manufacturers and wholesalers in 1951 were medical service representatives or "detail" men, as they are often called. These representatives visit physicians' offices, hospitals, and drug stores in order to explain the merit of new medicinal preparations and answer questions concerning the effect of these drugs. Although many drug firms prefer to employ representatives who have had pharmaceutical training, pharmacists constituted only about one-half the total number of persons engaged in this work in 1951. However, in view of the upward trend in sales of drug manufacturers and an expected increase in the number of new drug products, it is likely that during the next few years there will be a greater demand for registered pharmacists to serve as professional sales representatives.

Pharmacists are also employed by drug firms to carry on research in order to discover new medicinal preparations and to devise techniques for their production. Graduate training is usually required for such positions. Many nonpharmacists are employed by drug firms in research positions, partly as a result of the fact that until comparatively recently not many colleges of pharmacy have developed programs of graduate instruction. However, in the future, additional pharmacy schools plan to expand their offerings on the graduate level and encourage more pharmacy graduates to continue their education.

Employment opportunities in pharmaceutical research are expected to increase during the next few years. Further expansion of research programs will be encouraged by the upward trend in the sale of drug products, especially new preparations. Pharmaceutical firms must carry on progressive research in order to meet new competition.

Hospital Pharmacies

Pharmacies within modern hospitals, in addition to dispensing medicines, often manufacture large volume sterile products. Last year there were about 3,400 pharmacists in the nation's 6,800 hospitals, and the number of hospitals operating pharmacies have increased of late.

In both federal and non-federal hospitals progress has been made toward more pharmaceutical service. Registered men are employed by hospitals and clinics operated by Veterans Administration, Public Health Service, and other

Prepared for the Veterans Administration in the Occupational Outlook Service, Division of Manpower and Employment Statistics, Bureau of Labor Statistics, U. S. Department of Labor. Assistance was given by the professional societies in the pharmacy field, particularly the American Pharmaceutical Association.



Staff of Pharmacists filling prescriptions in the Lascoff Pharmacy in New York City.

U. S. agencies. By last year, 32 state boards were requiring hospitals of 100 beds and over to employ a full-time pharmacist and smaller hospitals to employ part-time services. Because of the hospital shortage, 1,600 new projects had been started as of last summer, providing an additional 77,000 beds.

Other Demands for Personnel

In addition to the types of employment already discussed, quite a few registered pharmacists are in the Armed Forces, law-enforcement agencies, colleges of pharmacy, professional societies, and pharmaceutical publication work. In 1951 these combined activities employed in the neighborhood of 3,000 pharmacists. A few additional pharmacists were engaged in providing drug stores and other branches of the drug industry with specialized services in connection with advertising, insurance, real estate, and store design.

Educational Standards Required

As in other professions, there has been a trend during the past 20 or 30 years for the amount of required collegiate training to be lengthened. In 1925 the pharmacy course was extended from two to three years, and a fourth year was added in 1932. Further extension of the period of college training has been advocated recently by many leaders of the profession.

In the fall of 1951, programs of more than four years of collegiate work for the bachelor's degree were in effect at the following seven institutions: University of Southern California (6 years); State University of Montana (5 years); Ohio State University (5 years); Oregon State College (5 years); University of Puerto Rico (5 years); State College of Washington (5 years, optional); and the University of Arkansas (5 years, optional).

Over 4,000 students were graduated in

1949 and a record high of approximately 5,800 graduates was reached in 1950. Although the number of graduates was somewhat lower in 1951, it remained above the 5,000 mark.

In the fall of 1951 enough students were enrolled in colleges of pharmacy to yield in the neighborhood of 4,400 graduates annually for the next two years and about 4,000 graduates in 1954. Of course, the holding power of colleges of pharmacy may be somewhat reduced during the next few years as a result of the defense mobilization program. About 90 percent of the pharmacy students are men and some of them may enter military service or defense work.

The Selective Service law provides that draft boards shall give special consideration to the deferment of full-time students of pharmacy, medicine, dentistry, and other healing arts. Moreover, quite a few pharmacy students are veterans, married men with children, or are in other deferred categories. This reflects the fact that many of the persons enrolled in the pharmacy course are older students who had already completed several years of college work before they were admitted to a college of pharmacy. For example, a college of pharmacy on the West Coast reported that new students admitted in the fall of 1951 had, on the average, completed slightly more than three years of college work and that many of them already possessed a bachelor's degree.

Future Prospects

In view of expanding pharmaceutical activities in various fields, the profession will be able to readily absorb the new pharmacy graduates expected during the early fifties. In addition to more than 3,000 vacancies arising annually as a result of withdrawals from the profession, there will be a strong demand for pharmacists to fill new positions.

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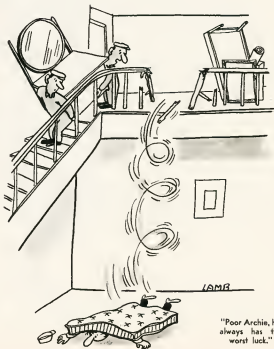
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